DOESN'T QUITE REACH THE SPOT. A Hartford man has invented an apparatus for timing horses to a quarter of a second by electricity. That isn't exactly the invention that the owners of fast roadsters have been looking for. What is demanded by gentlemen who drive their own steppers is an apparatus that will give a six minute horse record of 2:34 1-4 on a long track.

#### RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS.

The weary traveler sat on the bed and read the legend on his door—"Quests must bolt this door before retiring." "I'm blowed if I will," he muttered hoarsely, as a man determined to resist imposition to the death. 'It was all I could do to bolt what they set before me in the dining room." And slumbering lightly, he arose at early dawn, and jumped his bill like a true American.

## UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE. A "gentleman's son?" Well, my boy,

when you find a man whose only claim to respectability and title to existence is that be is the son of a gentleman, you want to look for his name in the "Newark Peerage" before you can cash any checks for him. "Pinkerton's Peerage," paste it in your address book. A WORD TO SOMNAMBULISTS.

# A Boston writer, discresing the lost art of

early rising, says "the proper time to rise is when sleep ends." That's a good thing to know. Do you know, if we hadn't seen that in a Boston paper, we should have gone right on believing that the proper time to rise was when you were right in the midst of your soundest sleep. What a blessed thing it is for this blind old world that there are some men in it who know nearly everything.

#### THE MYSTERY UNVEILED.

"My stars, man," exclaimed the traveler, who had stepped into the transfer office to look for a trunk that had been missing for two months, "but you do write fast! I never wo months, "but you do write fast!" I never "aw a steam engine get over ground so fast!" "Um," said the clerk, making the pencil and the tickets fly. "Can anybody read what you write?" "Nope." "Can you read it yourself?" "Nope." "What are you writing?" "Addresses for baggage t'be d'livered. Here, Sam! steen trunks 'n 'ty v'lises-'tyff' hundn' four 'st t'ny f'th street, right 'wayf' Traveler goes out without asking for his trunk, and when last seen was asking a man, from whom he had just bought a navy revolver, to show him how to load it.

THE VERGE OF BANKRUPTCY. Delighted friend in Colorado hotel-"Why, why, why! George Jackson, if I ain't glad to see you! I heard that you were dead! What you doing way out here? When did you leave Ohio?" Stranger, with frigld politeness—"You have the advantage of me, sir; my name is Henry Mortimer and I never was in Ohio in my life." Then, suddenly melting, whispers: "Come this way, Sam. Don't say a word, old boy. I left Ohio be-tween two days. I had three invitations to golden weddings, two babies named for me, two bids to silver weddings and four birthday invitations all in one week. So I had to put that notice of my death by drowning in the papers and skip. I'll lay low for a month and go back. Close call for ruin, wasn't it? Call me Mortimer, please,"

## Getting the Worth of His Money.

"How much yer charge ter go er mile?" an old negro asked of a street car conductor.
"I wanter go out ter see Brudder Lias Smif. Ain't er flesh an' blood brudder, yet, understan', jes er brudder in de faith."

"Five cents." "Jes fur er mile? I tell yer dat de man ain' mor sho nuff brudder-jes er brudder in de faith."

- 'The fare is five cents," "Jes fur er mile?"
- "How much is it fur two miles?" "Just the same."
- "Look yere, how fur yer take me fur fi'
- "Five miles." "Whut's de name o' de place?"
- "City limits." "Tak me all de way out dar fur fi' cents?"
- "An' won't take me no mo'n er mile wa'r Brudder Smif libs fur no less?"

"I ain't got no bizness out dar at yer limits, but yer may take me on out dar an' I'll walk back ter w'ar Brudder Smif libs. Yere's yer money, sah, I'se one o' dese p'litical 'conomists, and blebs in gittin' de fuil wuth o' mer money. It would be er mighty fool man dat would pay er dollar fur er pa'r o' britches w'en he kin git er whole suit o' cloze fur de same price. Take me on out to ver limits. -Arkansaw Traveler.

## A Choice of Evils.

Omaha Dame (looking up from the paper) -Dear me! Horrible!

Husband-Eh? Another disaster? No. The paper says that a colored barber in Philadelphia became so enraged because a customer had not the money to pay for the barbering he had done that he seized a razer and cut the retreating man horribly about the face and hands. The wounded man's

nose was nearly severed from his face.' "Well, well! The poor man wouldn't have looked much worse if he had shaved him self."-Omaha World.

## Seeing the Show at Home,

"John, I am afraid we can't go to the theatre any more," said a Chicago woman to her husband.

"No, I'm afraid we can't; money is getting

- very tight."
  "I shall miss it dreadfully."
- "So shall I." "What shall we do?"
- "I have it. We'll hang your big hat on the back of baby's chair and sit and look at it." Merchant Traveler.

## His Sorrow Explained.

"George, there is a sadness and melancholy in your eyes to night, and your checks seem blanched as though with mortal "Yes, Naomi, I am far from being happy."

"Confide in me, my dearest. Let me share your sorrow. Have the buffetings of this cruel world cast a gloom over your soul?" "Well, not exactly, but you see these shoes are new and they pinch like thunder."
coln (Neb.) State Journal.

## A Numerous Family.

Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones' Servant Girl-

What do you want? Servant Girl-Mrs. Jones sends her regards, and says would you be so kind as to count your children and see if you haven't got one too many, as our Kitty hasn't come home and school has been out two hours.-From the German.

Another Great Living Curiosity. "What is your specialty, my friend?" in anired the visitor of a dime massum freak

"Phenomenal intelligence." "In what direction does it lie!"

"I'm the man who always 'shuts the door." -Har, or's Bazar

#### IN DAYS OF INNOCENCE. A Delightful Story of By-Gone Christmas

Times. BY ROBERT MCREYNOLDS.

As I peer into the dim past that baunts the old home by the roadside, a thousand memortroop by like the scenes of a panorama, with the footlights turned low, and when I contemplate them sometimes in a meditative hour, it leaves me with a lonesome feeling, as if I had always listened to the old time song,

"Way down upon the Suwance river," which I have heard a thousand times upon our western frontier, sometimes to crowded audiences at the opera, and again in the stillness of the evening by the muleteer as he rattled along in his prairie schooner over the plains. A song which never grows old and never will so long as people leave the home of their childhood, around whose hearth-stones still play, ghost-like, the recollections of by gone years. tenderly touching their sympathies as they pause for a moment in their monied pursuits in other lands. This feeling, too, is free from the maudlin sentiment, which I believe most men despise, and awakens the keener sensibilfties, and I like not the man who has none to

awaken. The old brick house by the roadside has ture proclaimed another thingpassed into the hands of other owners, and the great fire place, which used to warm and brighten the west room with its crackle of hickory sticks and backlog, has been watled out from its panes of isinglass a pale glimmer. ney to the sea.

long funereal face tell of coffins, the grave, and | none but the pitying angels knew. the never dying worm of future punishment, and a salvation that was free, but must be left the old farm house and went into other carned by most vigerous obschence by the few walks of life, and the halls became more silent who could hope to attain it; and then in the class meetings and tell in tremulous voice of the cross that was so hard to bear.

The cruelest passages of Scripture and steenest sayings were held up to them, and many a father mentally consigned his children to hell unless they earned redemption through

as narrow channels as he. The funereal looking ministers dressed in black, with solemn, stately mein, often came to our country home and always made me feel as if there was a corpse in the house, they were so serious in their comments on his life, dire forbodings as to our future, telling us, perhaps of the litt? a leathen far away in other climes, playing in the shadow of the cocoanut all day Sunday, with no sermon to listen to, no catechism to learn, until we all wished we too, were little heathers playing among the girlish voices of long ago. oranges and bananas.

Those preachers did more to plant in my mind the germ of infidelity than all the read ings of Voltaire in the years that followed .- tide wave bears; but none I believe are so per annum. As this is the limit of the profit They talked solemnity and woe; while na-

The birds flitting from tree to tree making music to all earth; the golden hues of sunlight falling upon the trees and flowers, kissing with vermillion tints the meadows and fields of tain defiles achoing from rock to rock, up, and instead of glowing embers and leaping ripening grain; while the sweeping river flames, a conventional looking stove throws flowed with little trills of music on his jour-

than ever, until at last the shadows fall over afternoon the women would gather at their the sunset of the old man's life, and he went down to the dark river with unshrinking feet and with arms outstretched to meet the touch of angel hands he knew to be waiting to receive him on the other shore. After that the farm was sold; and somewhere in a cottage, this Sunday afternoon, sits gray haired Gramy, with spectacles, reading words of comfort at the city park suffered from the cold from the old Bible whose pages are growing dimmer with time, and whose teachings are ever stood from 75 to 55 degrees. A few more to her reality, and whose faith in the shining radiaters here and there will remedy the shores of Jorden is unwavered. With her it matter, embodies the essence of hope, for which the and if they spoke to us children it was with proudest potentate might lay down the

#### "Rock of Ages,"

Many of us Americans are like the sands of the sea shore shifting whither the strongest and declared a dividend of \( \) of one per cent. callous but love to dwell in memory at times allowed bylaw, the price of light will be reupon the shelter of their tender years. Thave dueed as follows: Emporiums 24 cents per watched the bivonac of emigrants where all month, residences 60 rooms 134 cents. were chatting merrily, when a woman's voice in tender notes, rang up and down the moun-

"Home, sweet Home,"

gruff voices were still, and were a thoughtful look long afterwards.

BY J. D. C.

We are permitted to clip the following items: rom the Christmas Issue of the COUNIER for Dog. 25, 1967

The new Smithers heater was turned on last light. While it did not warm quite as well as promised by its inventor, still it raised the emperature so that at no point in the city was it less than sixty degrees. None of the plants within 300 feet of the radiators the thermom-

Raymond Bros', Grandsons & Co., yesterday brought suit against the London airline pneumatic to recover overcharges and delay in the Across these pages fall the shadows of the transmission of goods. Although the firm had verlasting Rockies, and across the span of a contract for the delivery in four hours at a the amelioration of the condition of employed years come back the faint ceboes from the rate of two and three sixteenths cents per ton, halls of the old farm house, as sung by the the merchandise was four and one-half hours In transit and the charges were two and one half cents.

The Condensed Sunshine Co., held a meeting

The supreme court is to decide the city connell case to-morrow.

Hastings was read into the incorporation at o'clock this morning and will hereafter be known as ward No 1171. At the same meeting

CHRISTMAS IN LINCOLN, A D. 1937 chine worked like a charm, the sheriff simply pressed a button and the malefactor disappeared like a whiff of smoke.

The Female Party will hold its convention at noon to-day—sixty-five thousand delegates will be in attendance. The horrid men will, we suppose, go through the form of put-

ting up a ticket as usual . Mayor Sara Bernhardt Calliope celebrated her lith birthday yesterday. The festivities lasted three queters of an hour and 179,000

people participated. The Keely Motor line put on one hundred additional bijous at midnight between here and Irkutsk, and still thousands of pasengers had to wait ten or fiften minutes pefore being able to board trains,

Prof. Jemima Flubdue will tonight deliver a 45 second lecture on "The myth of the north Pole," at the Twenty second chamber of Science Hall. The proceeds will be devoted

#### New Years Cards.

The Courier will as usual be headquarters for New Year cards, and the assortment this year is without doubt the finest ever shown. Place your orders early and secure the choice ones. Our reputation for fine work will as-

#### Call and see us. No. 1206 O St., new Burr A Bit of History.

sure our patrons as regards fine printing.

block.

Some four months ago, there came in out midst a firm who opened in a field that was said to have been already too full, and the the council remitted the taxes on wards 851 to but the enterprising merchants were not to be discouraged by such talk and consequently on a bright September day, a new merchant tatioring establishment was opened in our city. The location was not the most central, nor were the parties interested any too well known in the capital city. However, they came highly recommended, opened a very nobby furnished store and filled it with the finest line of fabries that has ever been shown in this city. The firm's name was to be seen in every paper of merit in the city, which was in form of a very attractive engraved card and from their opening day their busi-ness has been phenomenal—far beyond

their most sanguine expectations, Need the Countri ask who the firm is? No. Every reader knows who we mean, Messrs. Huffman and Richter have in their short business career established a trade such as any firm of long standing could well feel proud of. Their transactions have been with the finest element in the city and the works they have done, show them to be artistic developers of fashion.

In their endeavor to win the trade of the In their endeavor to win the trade of the best class of mercuant falloring they have certainly succeeded and that their best customers are those whom they have already served, is demonstrated by the fact that depilicate orders have always followed a trial. Their cutter, Mr. H. P. Wiley, is a gentleman well versed in the art and the nobby fits that are seen on our stock and in the ball roon

Such an establishment has long been needed in Lincoln and it is a matter of congra-tulation on both sides—the city and the new firm—that the Messrs. Hufiman and Righter are among all leading merchants today.

Trickey, the leading jeweler, is as usual in the lead with an immense line of goods for the holidays. Everything appropriate and useful in this line can be found here in artistic designs, at prices that assure their rapid sale. Elegant display of American watches and clocks. Endless variety of bracelets, chains, charms, pins, opera glasses. Rings by the hundreds, and all other beautiful articlein this line. It is a well known fact that this house is headquarters for diamonds and this has been demonstrated by the fact that most of the diamonds worn in Lincoln today are from this popular house.

No more suitable present than a diamond ring or pin could be made, and Trickey is the man who can sell them to you; comeand look over his stock before purchasing.

## To the Traveling Public.

Please note that a superb line of FREE CHAIR CARS is now run between Lincoln and Chicago on trains Nos. 5 and No. 6; also that sleeping car berths or drawing rooms on the "flyers," Nos. 1 and 2 may be reserved in advance at City Ticket Office, corner Tenth and O Streets. A. C. ZIMMER, City Passenger Agent.

## Low Rates to California.

The California excursions via the Burlington route (the scenic line of America) have become so popular as to necessitate a train of this kind every week. Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass, Black Canon of the Gunnison and Salt Lake city are all on this route. Full particulars may be obtained at city office, corner O and Tenth streets, or at depot.

Among the leading and representative business houses of the city is that of Betts & Sewell, No. 1020 O street. On the first of April of this year these gentlemen succeeded to the business of Mr. Thos, Sewell, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, and the new firm has more than kept up the reputation, acquired by Mr. S. in his long years in business, for keeping none but the best and freshest groceries. Both Mr. Betts Mr. Sewell are well qualified by experience to conduct such a trade as theirs has grown to be, a statement amply substantiated by their increasing business. Their stock is complete in every detail and consists of everything kept in a first-class grocery store. In securing your supplies for the holidays or for the winter, it will pay you to call on them, inspect their goods and get their prices, which are as low as first-class staples can be

Miss Nellie Raymond, niece of A. S. and M. Raymond, left Wednesday for her home in Charles City, Iowa. Miss Raymond spent in the capital city, and by her vivacious and engaging manners won many friends, who

#### Fancy and Realism. Little Nell-Mamma, I wish you'd let me

read a novel. Omaha Mamma-Don't mention such a thing. "But novels tell things just as they are in

life, don't they "Yes. Now ask no more questions." "Susie Minks is got such a lovely novel,

and" "What! Did you read any of it?" "Only the last line. It said: 'And so they got married and were happy ever after." "Oh, that isn't a novel, dear; it's a fairy

### story."-Omaha World. A Minnesota Compliment to Browning.

There is a very breezy young lady of literary tastes living on Summit avenue, who thought the name of her desires had been attained when she was introduced to Charles Dudley Warner, who has been paying us a visit. After clasping his hand she commenced the conversation with the inquiry: "Oh, Mr. Warner, don't you adore Prown-

Mr. Warner murmured in reply that the section of country he came from thought

comething of the mystic poet. "We," she continued, with Louch emphasi-"think that he scoops the whole lot."-Paul Globe.



befitting well the change from the old to the

away to the dark fringe of woods, from where occasion, while from within went up in sweet and I had my handful of things scattered over the tinkle of sheep bells come floating, musiclike; the green sward dotted here and there with the bright dandelions; while the surbeams danced and played upon the gurgling brook; all formed to me then brighter scenes and bigher admiration of nature's handiwork than in after years I ever felt inspired by Sierra's towering peaks or orange groves and vine-clad countries of the south.

my presence, carved in one of the columns:

That was as far as I got trying the metal of my new pen-knife, for a cuff on the ear from grand-mother put an end to any further attempts to develope my genius jat carving, and then her subsequent gift of doughnuts the flowery borders of California, invading any steps now to celebrate in a becoming stopped the flood of tears and noisy bawl her the old home by the roadside, as it did thous

slap had brought forth. dubbed me "Bub," for short. I often wondered then why I was not given a longer for many years. The merry laugh seemed to name like my cousin, James Berryman Green have an echo in hollow sounds, while Granny Smiley. They were all young and then living | would sit by the window with a far away look at home, and I never saw a family with whom across the fields and meadows, waiting, albetter nature was preserved; and in those ways waiting a wanderer's return; and then years the routine of country life was only in- she would turn with tear dimmed eyes to her terrupted by neighborly visits from old ladies Bible and find a consolation in its words of who came to spend the day, knitting or quilt- promise, while the old man, such as had pioing and chatting about the hundred and one neered the primeval forests of Indiana, and to things of the neighborhood. On Sundays we whose like I would rather trace my lineage gathered in the white church that stood in than if it came from lords or kings, bore his

new. Even the oaken bucket that hung in the while the hand shaking among the good dames west, how with stout heart and willing hands fern fringed well is usurped by a creaking went on. Some loittered on the outside, or sat I burned away the tail grass from the plain But the meadows are the same stretching talked in low tones, through respect to the hearted until the wagon brought my boxes,

cadence on waves and billows of sound, "Rock of ages cleft for me." And so the delightful years of my childhood pass like one long summer's day. The autumn the first time. I smile as I record the incident, with its sharp frosts drives grandfather from it was so little and apparently triffing. Yet, while the stars gleaming down like laughing from its fountains by the chain of love. eyes at the boys cracking their brisk jokes, The great back porch yet bears one mark of or pointed wit, until Hester, lame from her birth laughingly drives them to bed with her stick. Poor girl! those stars looked down like pitying eyes of tears from heaven upon her

sorrow afterwards. Then came the clash of arms, reverberating ands of others and with tearful eyes the old sent him on. After that the halls were silent the woods and listened to the preacher with sorrows with a stoical silence whose depths Cafe.

beneath the trees during the services and and built a little home. I was ever so light the yard. It was all that was left of my old home; and as my eyes fell upon the mute companions of a happy past I weakened for his favorite place of evenings, by the well, our lives are made up of little things, and who where he was wont to sit and smoke his pipe should feel asharned of even a tear drawn deemed sufficient by the gentlemen having

As the joyful season of Christmas approach es, the young folks speculating as to what old Santa will bring them, the children daily wishing for the arrival of the lime honored guest, and all the world seems to shout a word of welcome to the coming festivities, it is but the war cry from the granite hills of Maine to right and proper that we make the prelimin \*yesterday, and the dimensions will be 300x2650 manner this, the most eventful holiday in the est feet. The cost when completed will be christian year. It is the time when presents My aunts and uncles were numerous and couple clasped their eldest to their bosoms and are exchanged, tokens of love and friendship are given and received, and it is perplexing to the average person today to know what may be most appropriate for a present. In a few words, let us add, that Mr. R. O'Neill, the jeweler on Tenth street, has the most complete line of fine holiday goods shown in Lincoln this season, and it would not be doing yourself justice, were you to make a selection before first going to see his stock. Read his adv. elsewhere in this issue.

They know just how to please you with oysters in every style at Brown's New Vienna

The men would gather around the church | I shall never forget when I moved into the | 225 inclusive, formerly the county of Douglas. Some uneasiness is reported among our Chinese subjects and a long range battery has the past two or three months very pleasantly been ordered mounted on the Paritie coast The battery at San Diego fired three practice shots at Island No. 16 Samoan group. The will be pleased to have her return soon again, first two went wild, but the third extinguished the target. There is some talk of reviving he Daily

State Journal. It is to be hoped the move will be successful. A efrculation of seven million copies has been guaranteed, but this is hardly the matter in charge. The new Millecentum coin was put in circu-

lation at Washington yesterday, and in a in a week a still smaller subsidiary coin will The Universal Brotherhood eathedral will

be dedicated on New Years. The foundation feet, the height of the main chapel roof being nearly \$200, and the people of Lincoln may justly pride themselves that it has no supertor in the world. The display of fire works in Berlin last night

was plainly seen by the attendants at Lady Malarave's aertal sofrees. It was very enjoyable but for a mistake made by the operators in mingling blue and yellow lights in one piece. A syndicate is being formed to undertake the task of making southern California habitable. It is a suide scheme to obtain money

on talse pretenses. Hank Hoaround was annihilated in Ark., yesterday on suspicion of being engaged in in the manufacture of liquor. The new ma-